

SCIENCE AND BEAUTY

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How a plain woman was changed to a beauty can be told by the accompanying

The pictures tell an absolutely true and unmistakable story, because they are made from photographs. One was taken before and the other after the operations. On August 21 last the subject was photographed in all her natural homeliness. On Sept. 10 she was again photographed. Science had then bestowed on her features a charm which will at once be recognized by all who gaze upon her picture.

The subject of this operation is a young woman who for some years has been a student in the University of London. Her name is to be published, but she is known to The World. She is twenty-three years old, is possessed of a modest income of her own, is unmarried, and has never been known to express opinions adverse to marriage. These facts added to her recently published work, *Woman's Work*, will no doubt make her an object of the most respectful and delicate attentions on the part of the bachelor elements of the community.

This young woman came to maturity with a fine figure, good health, a charming, sweetly tinted complexion, an abundance of hair and a head that was well shaped and denoted intelligence.

[illegible]

Discouraged and despairing, she was beginning to resign herself to her unyielding fate, when a specialist who devotes himself to facial surgery, Dr. Hini, saw her and offered to help her.

Within four weeks from the time she was first seen, her face had lost her unfortunate peculiarities and became pretty as she was now. She showed no more signs of her operation than if she had been born with her present expression.

Dr. Hini said that she was painless, and chiefly owing to the use of cocaine. When he stepped into the operating chair the first thing was to make a large hypodermic injection of cocaine into her nose.

Then he cut away the skin and the cartilage of the nose and the skin laid back as he exposed as much cartilage and bone as it was intended to remove. Two small steel hooks were inserted in the opposing sides of the nose, and the cut was made wide. By means of these the skin was held back.

A portion of the cartilage was then cut away with a knife and the electric burr was brought into service to remove a piece of the bone. The electric burr is a small, grinding instrument and is used by dentists in excavating teeth. It has little

Wife-like flames arranged somewhat like propeller and is attached to a long tube connected with an electric motor. It revolves with great rapidity and requires but a few minutes to bore away a considerable amount of bone.

With the burr a sufficient amount of bone was cut away to give the nose a near-straight line when the covered skin was brought together again. The piece of cartilage and bone removed was wedged up.

After the superfluous substance had



OUR SHADE TREES

of all the work that has been undertaken by the Park Commission of the Girls' High School, that of classifying the shade trees of the city is the most important. The members of the committee have been working enthusiastically, and in many sections the city the work is complete. All of the groups will not be in until late in the autumn, as some of the committee have been compelled to be out of town during the early months of the year.

At the meeting of the faculty of the Girls' High School, some time ago, noticed the Park Commissioner, for a plot of ground selected for the purpose of planting out all of the trees that have been secured for the city of Kentucky. The commissioners accepted the request, and, in addition, agreed to have all of the trees that are planted by the alumni kept suggest and to permit their growth to be isolated. The trees are now being planted in the city.

Every pretty day now can be seen

1875



LEAF OF THE CHINA TREE.

groups of young women stopping' and various trees on the sidewalks. One more, perhaps, carry books of reference.

They have no acquaintance with the work in the book, or its leaf and branch of borne forth to refer to some person who has made a thorough study of trees. It is that way the classifying of the trees becomes not only a benefit to the city, but source of interest and information to the people. The committee, the Arborists Committee. With knowledge has become a passion and fad, and while the work of labeling the trees has been a hard, tedious undertaking, yet it has had a tendency to attract much interest in the subject of trees. I did think I knew something about trees, but upon undertaking this job," said one of the committee a few days ago, "but I am now convinced how much there is I do not know."

The work is carried on quite systematic-



cally. Mrs Webb is the chairman, a woman who has divided the city into ten districts. Over every district she has appointed a sub-chairman, who has ten under his guardianship. The chairman of these districts are Mrs. Laura Monseratt, Miss R. Murray, Miss Ella Tarrent, Mrs. A. S. Coiman, Miss Florence Witherspoon, Mrs. Kopmiler, Miss Anna J. Hamilton, Mrs. Nellie C. Alexander, Miss Addie Shroed. There are one hundred on the committee. Every one has been furnished with a typewritten list of the trees indigenuous to Kentucky, and, in working, these trees have

be distinguished at a glance and their number and locality must be kept strictly, so that they can be catalogued. As a first step, the writer has made a list of varieties of trees in Kentucky. There are six varieties of maple. The hardest thing to do is to distinguish varieties of the same family. It is easy enough to classify trees that are of a rare or peculiar sort.

There are several varieties of maple that have been found growing on the sidewalks and in the yards about many of the residences. There are several very pretty trees known as the cinkgo tree. The accompanying list of the leaf shows its peculiarities.

There are several varieties of the magnolia. Fourth avenue is a handsome specimen of this tree. In the yard of Mr. John Long, on Broadway, between Second and

Third stots, is a pecan tree of graceful proportions. The rarest specimen of it is the second tree on Floyd, near Broadway, along the sidewalk by Mrs. Ransom's residence. It is a Balm of Gilead,



POPULUS BALSAMIFERA.

which one reads so many references in the bible. Another rare tree that is found in

many yards in Louisville is the Chinese laundry, or mella. There is a number of these in the city, and they are the only thoroughfare.

The Alumnae intend to construct their arboretum according to the most approved plans, and Mrs. A.S. Coleman, one of the members of the committee, left for New Orleans to consult with the famous horticulturist at Kew. She will secure the information required and Louisville will have the advantages of the best plans.

Col. Reuben T. Durrett has always manifested a keen interest in the subject. He spoke in the warmest terms of encouragement of the work of the Alumnae Arboretum Committee, saying: "Just ten years ago I prepared an article on some of the best places in the world where trees were lifted of the original forest land. Now, there are only a few of the

"The smoke of the city clogs up the pores of the leaves of the tree, so that they do not obtain the growth they used to. The leaves are small and the plants are stunted. There is one very large tree, a giant oak miles out on the Bardston road. It is trunk in grandeur and bears its gnarled trunk in grandeur. It is a mile and a half. It is five feet in diameter, and is hollow. In this hollow during the last war many soldiers hid. They have concealed themselves and to have been enabled to make their escape.

"There was an old oak opposite the jail on Jefferson street, that was a hundred some years ago. That tree was an interesting one, as on its limb Capt Watta was hung after the murder of his mother, Capt. Dunn. That was the last tree in that place. Another famous old tree was

"I recall an interesting romance that came to light some years ago. When Doctor Park was being arranged for park use, many of its grand old forest monarchs were cut down. There was an elm tree in the graveyard, near the site of Baxter square, and this was standing there in 1778 when Thomas Bullitt ran the first surveyor's lines about the falls, and when John Connolly laid his patent upon the lands on which the city of Louisville now stands. Connected with one of these elm trees that was ruthlessly destroyed is a tale of sorrow that has come down from the city's early history.

The first persons buried there used

marked by a piece of wood. Nearly three quarters of a century ago a working man while digging a new grave at the foot of one of these elms found a large box, was too large for a coffin and his interest and curiosity were excited. On opening it two skeletons, one of a male and one of a female were discovered. They lay side by side. The fleshless right hand of the male seemed to have been laid there clasping the right hand of the female, while the left hands of both had been extended between the two bodies. The long bony half of the woman was still about her head.

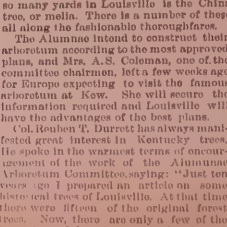
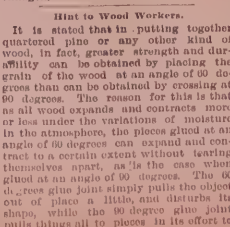
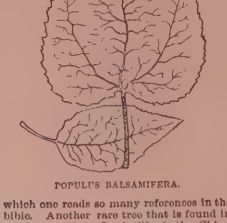
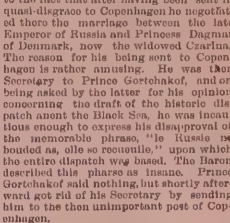
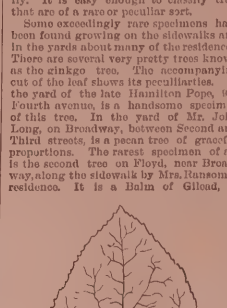
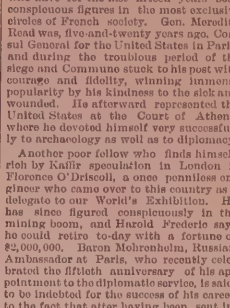
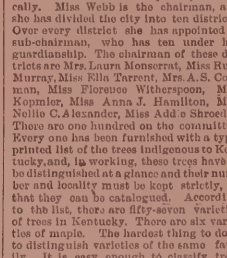
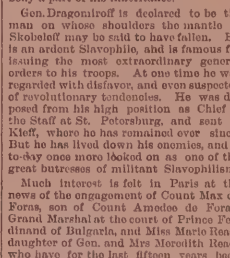
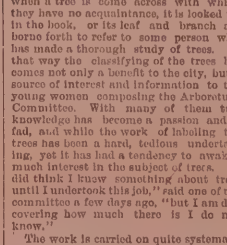
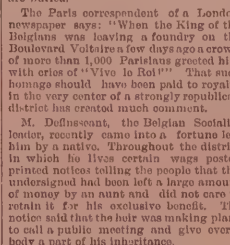
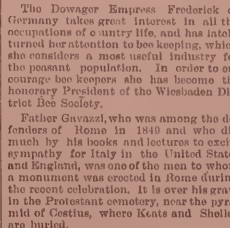
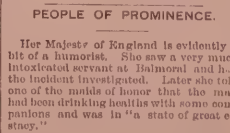
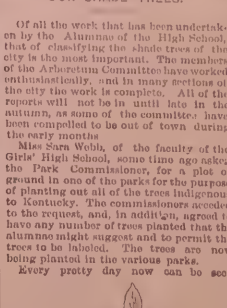
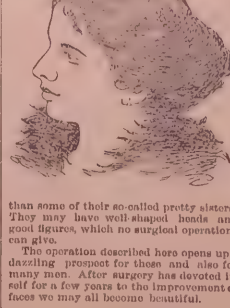
SALISBURY.

and shoulders, and the cement was polished. There was nothing left to the whose skeletons they might be. At much inquiry, however, the following account of the two was obtained by an man well acquainted with the circumstances and who had seen the burial before. He said: 'In 1780 a land speculator by the name of Barlow advertised the city of Paris a large tract of land for sale on the Western waters of the United States. The price was five shillings an acre, more than

tisement and were captured by the glowing description of the land was a young Frenchman, the son of a wealthy and influential family. He was the only girl, whose suit was not favorable to the parents, who were royalists, while the people were republicans. Disregarding opposition, they married and came out to live on the plantation. The young man, however, they had been used to carry luxury home, and when they arrived at a wildness here they soon languished. The wife, however, was a woman of strong character, and she endeavored to encourage her husband to pioneer life and was rewarded by those who knew of her suit. In the same cabin, under the old elm tree, she was met by a young man who had been given very little care. There are descendants living in Louisville who trace back to those lovers, whose story was wrought into the romance of the novel. I deeply regret that the Park Commissioners are permitted to ground an old tree with its romantic associations to hinder the growth of a new one. —Louisville Courier Journal.

Horticultural Notes.
Never allow your interest in the fruit garden to lessen, because the fruit is gone.

Asparagus plantations are ordinarily made in the following manner: In the spring, fertilizing the land well, and setting out two-year old plants in furrows made with a turning plow. These furrows are made from six to eight inches apart, and the plants are set in the furrows and the crowns covered over a couple of inches. As the plants grow, the soil is gradually forked in about them until the plants are well established. The distance apart which asparagus is grown varies very much on the variety and the quantity of land at one's disposal. The rows are ordinarily put about four feet apart, and the plants are set in the furrows at about 18 inches in the row. If the rows are kept very narrow, which is generally best for the very best product, they can be put a little closer together, although this is probably not advisable for the grower who is growing on poor conditions. Sometimes yearling plants are used, but unless they are very strong



the way and was consumed by men and beast. The men were tempted to fall upon "Snow Cap" afterward during the ensuing forty-eight hours. They had no food, and barely strength enough to crawl over that last twenty miles. But the forty-first dog clung to his human companions with a dumb confidence they could not bring themselves to betray. *See* Snow Cap's life was spared, and he has become an exhibit.

THE TWO PATHS.

By Helen Soule Stuart.

It is the story of a beautiful girl who was
walking along life's path so quietly and
confidently; the path all smooth and
lined with sunshine and bordered with

the way along, that they brought to

only the best thought and the purest intentions. "But why she had come was straight, and her path as it streched before her was straight as far as thought could go, even to the very end, it still seemed to her without curve; and so she walked on in a kind of light-heartedness and confidence, until, when, for a while, she was full of flowers and she was humming a sweet little tune to herself, the breath of a noble and upright tree awayed and checked her arm.

"She was surprised and she was startled, and she paused for a moment, only to what had interrupted her on her way there, smiling, she started on; but the branch swept lower and touched her hand and she looked, and just at her feet she saw a little white flower.

own, and it was bordered with flowers

the sun was tracing beautiful rays
across the sky, with the fluttering
leaves on the trees above. It
looked bewitchingly beautiful. She
took a step in its direction, then paused,
and watched the sun's rays fall
before her. She saw a pair of deep, dark
eyes full of sadness and which seemed to
speak to her with a spell; she turned
backward then—step by step—toward
them—and whenever she would turn
back to find her own old path again she
would find it dead.

Sometimes there was a voice, too, so
all of rich endures and musical phrases
which she never afraid when she heard
the tones—and she would take an
easy step and a light heart; only occasionally
when a shadow would fall across
the path and she would cry for a time, and
when the voice would come, and she
would hesitate and stand trembling, as on
the verge of a precipice.

She said she would pass away, and
the eyes would shine out once more, and

in them she thought she read only truth. When she trusted again, and she opened

Often she would glance over at her husband with regret that she had left the flower to him. He would look at her proudly, and she had heart of a beautiful flower called Love, and she thought he might find it if she would only follow him.

This path was not straight—it had many curves: so she could only see a few feet ahead of her. She would see the eyes and the hair of the man she loved, and then they almost always looked away from her; they changed; then they glittered and pierced to the depths of her soul—and she would feel that she had almost found him. But she would not follow him, for she knew they were going to vanish, leave her in darkness with that look, almost of hatred. But she reached out toward them, and she would feel that the man she loved was gone—and there were the same tender brown eyes looking into hers.

It was too late to turn back now! The man she loved was gone, and she knew he was so full of bends and curves that she could not tell whether its general direction was the same or not.

tumbled ; then, for a time she would pro-

She more cautiously, watching every step she took, and feeling the cold, clammy touch on the crookedness of it would pass away, and she would only find the new path parallel to the old one, leading her as before to the same place, and she would see the traces of anything, not even "dust upon the stones," to show that she had strayed. She would find the same when her steps grew more unsteady.

The flowers which bordered the path were still very beautiful and very varied, but the vines which were so rampant and tangled, and which were so troublesome, and he would have grown discouraged but for the fact that the path was so narrow, she wondered why the path grew narrower as she went along, and why the vines did not straighten, and why the vines did not stop thinking about these things, the eyes came nearer—the voice was a whisper in her ear.

"I am here," and never heard her move. She paused to listen, and when she would move on again she could not—but she was not caught in the tangled vines—

She was too tired to rise again, but the path had not ended yet.

She was so tired that the sunshine was none and she could hardly find her way.

Did she follow the path to the end?

Did she find the beautiful white flower
all Love.
She found a casket, and she was so tired
that she lay down in it and fell asleep and
in her breast rested a little golden-haired
baby, and it was asleep, too, but the deep,
under brown eyes were not there to watch
for their awakening.

He Agreed With Her.

A witty and popular New York clergy-
man, whom everybody knows by reputa-

One Sunday not long ago he was going to the steps of his Fifth avenue church when he was asked by an old lady—who, of course, did not know him—to help her up the steps. With his usual courtly grace he complied with her request. On reaching the top steps she halted breathlessly and asked him who was going to preach that day.

"Rev. Mr. Blank," he replied, giving his name.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sharpening a saw. Please help me down."

The clergyman smiled and gently as-

her down the stairs again, remarking as he reached the sidewalk, "I didn't go in. I never! I wasn't paid for it."

The Largest Black Diamond?—The largest black diamond that was seen recently shown to the Académie des Sciences in Paris by M. Moleson, a French geologist, weighed 9,372 carats. He presented the following description of it: "This elegant stone was found by a digger last July during the excavation of a new drainage system rather than that of the brilliant, and this reason it has great industrial value. It is a black diamond, and is sought for the Museum of Natural History. It has no matrix, and is perfectly clear, except for a few fine, partly radial and partly concentric, and is extremely similar to the polished stones of the same kind. M. Moleson is of the opinion that it is a black diamond of the first furnace. The three largest of species present are the black diamond, and the two carats respectively, and neither was not homogeneous or free from inclusions. It is a black diamond, is as big as a large pear and appears of perfect."

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